

A PALTRY 50
Fleming House, Ltd.
May, 1958

SONGS
OF
RAUNCH
AND
ILL-REPUTE

A SORAIR PRODUCTION

SONGS OF RUMUCH
AND ILL REPUTE

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR BILLY
PARTIES, STAGS, AND CHURCH YOUTH
GROUPS.

Since the music for many of these songs is well known, we didn't include the scores. If you have no idea of what to use for music, just open another can, and start to sing anyway. Just pick a folk song melody, or fit the words to a contemporary song, which will probably be a cleaned up version of our song anyway.

SONG	PAGE	SONG	PAGE
ALL DOOGY	25*	NO LALLY AT ALL	2
BALL OF HAIL	4	O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER	27*
BILL BOTTO. TROUSERS	23*	PAT DELTA MELTA	7
BIG RED ROSE	24*	POOR LIL	24*
BY BY CHERYL	24*	LEDING	1
CATS ON THE ROOF TOP	5	LING DAK DOO	19-
COLOBO	22, 23*	ROLL ME OVER	20*
COOL	5	ROLL YOUR LEG OVER	10-11-12
DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW	25*	SCOTT LALLAD	28
DOWN IN CUM VILLE	31*	SH STOOD RIGHT THERE	21*
EVAN EVANING IN THE DA	2	SHE'S MORE TO BE PITIED	7
FASCINATING BITCH	20*	SING A SONG OF 69	18-
FACK'EM ALL	16*	TA LA BOOM DE AH	15-
HIDDY DIDDY	14-	THE BIG BADDOO	15-
HOW I HAINED I WAS	17-	THE CANDLER WIFE	16-
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO HELL	5	the fucking machine	27*
LEDDIN AID	30*	TILL GIRL FROM SIDNEY	29*
I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO	14-	THE GREEN WATCH SONG	7
IT'S HARDER FOR ME	17-	THE LADY IN RED	16-
I'VE GOT A GALK	15-	TO LILY ONLY ADL	5
JOLLY TILLEN	29*	VIOLATE ME	6
KINFOZLUR	26*	WILGIN STELLON	17-
LAST NIGHT I STAYED HOME	20*	WALKIN' ALONG CANAL STREET	30*
LAST SATURDAY	25*	WAY UP IN PHILADELPHIA	51*
NO DAY I TOUCED HER	24*	WE GO TO COLLADE	9-
MRS. MURPHY'S DAUGHTER	26*	WILLIEPEG MORE	21*
MY BILLY BIRDROCK	30*	YOU'LL DONT SCARE ME	6
MY GOD HOW THE LONLY	9-	WON'T YOU TAKE IT	18-
NEXT HANIGIVLIC	15-	ZULALLA	3

* Very very nasty - Not so nasty
If they're blank, you can chow them to your mother.

For additional copies, information, and contributions, contact
SONAR, BOX X, Ricketts House, California Institute of
Technology, Pasadena, California.

RED WING

There once was an indian maid,
Who always was afraid,
That some buckaroo
Would fly around the flue
As she lay sleepin' in the shade.

She had an idea grand,
She'd fill it up with sand
To keep the bays
From her hidden joys
And Red Wing's promised land.

Oh, the sun shines down on pretty Red Wing,
As she lay sleepin',
This buck come creepin'
With his one good eye he was a peepin'
He hoped to reach the promised land.

Now he was an Indian wise,
He reached for Red Wing's thighs
With an old rubber boot
On the end of a toot
He made poor Redwing open up her eyes.

But when she came to life,
She grabbed her shiny knife.
It flashed in the sky
As she let it fly,
And shortened his love life.

OH, the moon shines down on pretty Red Wing,
As she lay snoring,
Her knife adoring,
No longer do the braves come whoring.
They won't pay the price of the promised land.

Oh, girls if you want to be wives,
Put away those knives.
Boys id like to play
For a fling in the hay,
They don't want to pay the rest of there lives.

Bind what mama said
If your lying in your bed.
If you can't obey,
Don't reach for a blade,
Have a hell of a time instead.

Oh, the clouds go floatin' over Red Wing,
As she lay snoring,
Her life was boring,
Why she'd even welcome Herman Goering
Into the pleasure of her promised land.

NO BALLS AT ALL

Come all you young children, and listen to me,
I'll tell you a story, 'Twill fill you with glee.
There was a young maiden, so stately and tall,
CHORUS who married a man who had no balls at all.
No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all.

"Oh mother, oh mother, oh what shall I do.
I've married a man who'se unable to screw."
"Oh daughter, oh daughter, don't feel so sad,
It's the very same trouble I had with your dad."

"Oh mother, oh mother, I wish I weree dead,
There is no relief for my poor maidenhead."
But the men of Ricketts will answer the call
Of the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

And the men of Ricketts, on hearing their name,
They all jumped up, and over they came.
And a bouncing young Rowdy was born ing the fall,
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

EVERY EVENING IN THE DARK

Every evening in the dark,
I coose the statues in the park.
If Sherman's horse can take it,
Why can't you?

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standin in the station,
I love you.

Station master's awful fussy,
Says it gets the station messy.
So if you must go, please
Use a sack.

We encourage constipation
While the train is in the station.
Roses always make me
Think of you.

Prostitutes and pretty ladies
Douche to keep from having babies.
How do you like the way
I part my hair.

TORALY ORALY ADY

X.E

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain, he rides in the gig.
It don't go a godam bit faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

CHORUS: Sing toraly oraly ady, sing toraly oraly aye.
Sing toraly oraly ady, sing toaly oraly aye.

The sexual life of the camel
Is greater than anyone thinks.
In moments of amorous passion,
He often makes love to the sphinx.

Now the Sphinx's posterior organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin, Huxley and Hall,
Has proved that the ass of the hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all.

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys down at Yale.
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog,
So its easy to get at the tail.

Here's to the girls of P.C.C.
And here's to the streets that they roam.
And here's to their dirty faced bastards,
God bless them, they may be our own.

Here's to old Oxidental
And here's to the old Scrips Trail.
And here's to those sorority maidens,
Who gave us our first peice of tail.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war.
No, I'd rather stick around
Peccadilly on the ground
Livin' of the earnin's
Of some high born lady.

I don't want a bullet up me arshore,
I don't want me ballies shot away.
I'd rather stay in England,
In jolly jolly England,
And fornicate me fucking life away.

BALL OF YARN

In the merry month of June, when the roses were in bloom,
 The birds were singing gayly on the farm;
 When I spied a pretty miss and politely asked her this:
 "Will you let me spin your little ball of yarn?"

CHORUS--

Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
 Will you let me spin your little ball of yarn?
 Ball of yarn, Ball of yarn
 Will you let me spin your little ball of yarn?

Well then she gave her consent and behind the fence we went;
 I promised her that I would do no harm.
 Then I gently laid her down and I ruffled up her gown;
 It was then I spun her little ball of yarn.

Chorus:

It was nine days after that, in a doctor's chair I sat,
 Never thinking she had done me any harm;
 When a little man in white, said: "Your cock's an awful sight,
 You've been winding up that little ball of yarn."

Chorus:

It was nine months after that, in a pool room where I sat,
 Never thinking I had done her any harm.
 When a gentleman in blue said, "Young man, we're after you,
 You're the father of a little ball of yarn".

Chorus:

So in my prison cell I sit with my bathrobe in the shade,
 And the shadow of my nose upon the walls;
 And the women as they pass, thrust their hatpins up my coat,
 And the little mice play hopscotch with my shoes.

Chorus:

Young men heed my advice: never stay out late at night,
 And you'll never lose your virgin or your charm.
 Be like the bluebird and the robin, keep your little "a" from bobbing,
 And you'll never spin that little ball of yarn

Final chorus.

Cats on the Roof Top.

5.

The crocodile is a funny animal
He rapes his mate only once a year
But when he does he floods the Nile
As he revels in throes of forication

Chorus:

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the claws and cats with the piles,
Cats with their buts all wreathed in smiles,
While the revel in the throes of forification.

Now the Hippo's rump is broad and round
One of them weighs a thousand pounds
Two of them will shake the ground
When the revel in the throes of fornication.

Now the camel has a lot of fun
His height's ample when he has done
He always gets two humps for one
When he revels in the throes of fornication.

The clam is a model of chastity,
You can't tell a he from a she,
But she can tell, and so can he,
When they revel in the throes of fornication.

The queen bees fly out in the breezes,
And consorts with who she God Damn pleases
And fills the world with sons of bees,
As she revels in the throes of fornication.

The baboon's ass is an eerie sight,
It glows below like a neon light,
It waves like a flag in the jungle night,
As he revels in the throes of fornication.

The monkey's short and rather slow,
Erect he stands a foot or so--
And when he comes, it's time to go,
As he revels in the throes of fornication.

Five hundred verses, all in rhyme,
To sing them all seems such a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Reveling in the throes of fornication.

COOL

I'm as cool as the tip of an Eskimo's tool,
I'm as cool as a fish in a frozen pond,
Cool as a pane of frosty glass
Cool as the fringe round a polar bear's ass
Cooool!

VIOLATE ME IN VIOLET TIME

6.

Oh, my life's been a sad one,
" maiden did state,
It's been filled with one grand repressin.
Though my mind's not a bad one
In truth I'll relate-
To be loved is my one obsessin.
With all my ravings
And my maiden cravings,
Why I'm getting physically vexed.
What with men all about me,
They all do with out me,
And here I'm so highly sexed.

CHORUS:

Won't you violate me in ~~violet~~ Violet time,
In the vilest way you know.
Brutally, savagely,
Ruin, no, ravage me,
Please on me no mercy show.
From till the sunset of things,
I'll be oblivious.
What I need is a man, ruler, lewd and lascivious,
Who will violate me in violet time,
In the vilest way that he knows.

Oh, my sorrows are man,
My joys they are none,
She whispered in tones ~~and~~ soft and tragic.
I've tried auto suggestion,
Freud, Adler and Jung,
There's nothing left me but magic.
Oh, the men all respect me,
That's why they reject me,
Won't some angel produce me
A man who'll seduce me,
For I need so much ~~x~~ to be had.

You'll Do It Sometime

You'll do it sometime, so why not now.
Please let me be the one to show you how.

Think what you're missing, it's such a shame.
You're missing kissing, and the rest of the game.

Down in New Zealand where men are men
A chicken never lays until she's a hen.

So don't be bashful, I'll show you how.
You'll do it some time, so why not now?

THE GRUEN WATCH SONG

7

Now Shirley was a burly-cutie, dancing in the line.
When she smiled out at the front row, Then I knew that she was mine.
I asked to take her home, and she was sweet as she could be.
The next day was her birthday, and she wanted jewelry.

CHORUS: So I gave her a gorgeous Green,
And the precision drove her mad.
She murmured as we kissed,
"Gee, It's curved to fit the wrist."
It was the best time peice she ever had.

Now Hellen she was sellin' down at Wollworth number nine,
She smiled accross the counter, and I knew that she was mine.
The mean old store detective, he was mad as he could be,
For what she sold to other guys, she gave to me for free.

Now Lucy played Debussy on a clarinet so fine,
She smiled accross the footlights, and I knew that she was mine.
She played for me one night, and I was couthinly impressed
Her lips did half the work, and boy, her fingers did the rest.

Now Mable waited table up at Hollywood and vine,
She smiled at me so pretty, that I thought that she was mine.
She asked me for a Cadillac, and I felt like a dunce,
Playing second fiddle to a jerk like Madman Muntz.

PHI DELTA THETA

Two Irishmen, two Irishmen were sitting in a ditch,
The one called the other a dirty son of a--

CHORUS: Phi Delta Theta, for shit Frat--
For shit Fraternity.
Phi Delta Theta,
Phi Delta Theta for me!

Sorority pin, Sorority pin, Oh, how I envy you,
Away upon the mountain top, with all the world in view. Singing--

Engagement ring, Engagement ring, upon a Sorority girls hand,
And every tine she wipes her ass, I see the promised land. Singing--

SHE'S MORE TO BE PITIED

She's more to be pitied than censured,
She's more to be helped than despised.
She's only a lassie who ventured
Down life's stormy path ill-advised.
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and her downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider,
That a man was the cause of it all

ZULAIKA

8

Zulaika was fair to see, to see,
A young Persian maiden was she, was she.
She lived in bagdad
Where all men are bad,
But none were so bad as she.
She lived in bagdad
Where all men are bad,
But none were so bad as she.

(Similarly:)

Her husband was very old,
With millions in silver and gold.
He kept her locked in
Away from all sin,
For Persians are very bold.

On her head she wore a turban,
Which came from the looms of Iran.
Where no one could see
She concealed a small key,
Which she threw out again and again.

The first time she threw out the key,
It fell by the old banyan tree.
She sighed and she cried
And the door opened wide,
And in walked her lover Ali.

The next time she threw the key out,
It fell by the old water spout.
She sighed and she cried
And the door opened wide,
And in walked her lover Mahout.

She threw the key once again,
Expecting her lover Suleiman.
She sighed and she cried
And the door opened wide,
And in walked a whole caravan.

The leader he bowed his head low,
And begged her visages to know.
"Oh, most of you stay,"
Zulaika did say,
"But the children and camels must go."

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, her cunt fell off.

WE GO TO COLLAGE

We go to collage, t'collage go we,
We never lost our virginity,
We might have lost it,
Only they forced it.
We are from P.C.C.

We goto collage, each Christmas dance,
We don't wear bra's, and we don't wear pants,
We like to give the
Freshmen a chance.
We are from P.C.C.

We go to collage, we have our fun,
We know exactly the way that it's done.
We saw the movies in
In hygiene film A.1.
We are from P.C.C.

We go to collage, don't we have pluck,
We never work, and we always fuck.
One on over boys,
You may be in luck.
We are from P.C.C.

We go to collage, we can be had.
Don't take our word, boys, ask dear old dad.
He brings his buddies,
For graduate studies.
We are from P.C.C.

MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My Father makes book on the corner,
My mother sells second hand gin,
My sister wakes love for a quater,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in,
My god how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brothers a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My grandma sells cheap prophylactics,
She punctures the heads with a pin,
Cause grandpa gets rich from abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

all

I wish them ladies was little white rabbits,
And I were a hare, I'd teach them bad habits.

CHORUS:

Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over,
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all them ladies was cows in the pasture.
And I were a bull, I'd make them run faster.

I wish all them ladies was little white chickens,
And I were a rooster, I'd give 'n the dickens.

I wish all them ladies was little white lambs,
And I were a ram, I'd ram all I can.

I wish all them ladies was little white flowers,
And I was a bee, I'd suck them for hours.

I wish all them ladies was little grey vixens,
And I were a fox, I surely would fix 'em.

I wish all them ladies was moles in the grasses,
And I were a mole, I'd smell the molasses.

I wish all them ladies was grapes on the vine,
And I were a plucker, I'd have me a time.

I wish all them ladies was bells in the tower,
And I were a sexton, I'd bang on the hour.

I wish all them ladies was bricks in a pile,
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style.

I wish all them ladies was rushes a-growin',
I'd take out a scythe, and set out a mowin'.

I wish all them ladies was fish in the ocean,
And I were a shark, I'd raise me a conotion.

I wish all them ladies was like B-29's,
And I was a lighter, I'd buzz their behinds.

I wish all them ladies was linear spaces,
And I were a vector aimed at their bases.

I wish all them ladies was solutions to find,
And I were a frosh, I'd plug in and find.

I wish all them ladies was dx/dt ,
And then I would integrate them & d-me.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (cont.)

I wish all them ladies was wrecks on the shoals,
Then I'd be a shipwright and plug up their holes. ||

I wish all them ladies was vessels of clay,
Then I'd be a potter, and make them all day.

I wish all them ladies was pages in a book,
I'd turn them all over in some shady nook.

I wish all them ladies was gigantic whales,
Then I'd be a barnacle, set on their tails.

I wish all them ladies was bullets of lead,
Then I'd be a gun, and I'd bang till they're dead.

I wish all them ladies was bricks in a hod,
Then I'd be a mason, and lay them, by God.

I wish all them ladies was little red foxes,
Then I'd be a hunter, and shoot at their boxes.

I wish all them ladies was telephone poles,
Then I'd be a squirrel, and stuff nuts in their holes.

I wish all them ladies was statues of venus,
Then I'd be a Sphinx with a petrified penis.

I wish all them ladies wore dresses with patches,
And I'd grab at the patches to get at their snatches.

I wish all them ladies was diamonds and rubies,
Then I'd be a jewler, and polish their bobbies.

I wish all them ladies was fish in a pool,
Then I'd be a carp with a waterproof tool.

I wish all them ladies was sheep in the clover,
Then I'd be a ram, and I'd ram them all over.

I wish all them ladies was peices of paper,
Then I'd be a fencer, and I'd use my steel ~~rapier~~ raiper

I wish all them ladies was trees in the forrest,
Then I'd be a woodsmen, and chop their clitoris.

I wish all them ladies was whales in the ocean,
And I were a whale, I'd teach'em the motion.

I wish all them ladies was up for improvement,
Then I'd be the guy with the ball-bearing movement.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (cont)

I wish all them ladies was mares in a corral,
Then I'd be a stallion, and I'd make'em immoral.

I wish all them ladies was wheat in the feild,
Then I'd be a scythe, and I'd make'n all yeild.

I wish all them ladies was a big toy balloon,
Then I'd take out my pin, and make'em go boom.

I wish all them ladies was little white chickens,
Then I'd be a rooster, and I'd give'em the dickens.

I wish all them ladies was little white kittens,
Then I'd be a tomcat, and I'd give'em the fittin's

I wish all them ladies was bats in a steeple,
Then I'd be a bat, and there'd be more bats than people.

I wish all them ladies was wheels on a car,
Then I'd be a piston, and make them go far.

I wish all them ladies was little blind moles,
Then I'd go around and fill all the holes.

I wish all them ladies was mares in the stable,
Then I'd be a trainer, and mount all I was able.

I wish all them ladies was bushes of berry's,
Then I'd be a plucker, and take all their cherries.

I wish all them ladies didn't know rules,
Then I'd have a time using my jewels.

I wish all them ladies hid in the halls,
Then I'd go after'em swinging my balls.

I wish all them ladies liked to hop,
Then I'd hang around and watch their tits flop.

I wish all them ladies was little round pills,
Then I'd be a doctor, and show'em my skills.

I wish all them ladies leaves on a tree,
Then I'd be the sap, and you could leave'em to me.

I wish all them ladies was singing this song,
It'd be twice as dirty, and ten times as long.

IV'E GOT A GAL

I've got a gal in South Sioux Falls.
Honey, Honey.
I've got a gal in South Sioux Falls,
Babe, babe.
I've got a gal in South Sioux Falls,
She's got tits like basket balls.
Honey, Oh baby mine.

CHORUS:

Go to your left, your right your left,
Goto your left, your right, your left.

Similarly: I've got a Gal in New Orleans,
All she does is lay Marines.

I've got a gal in Yucatan.
Sixteen inches she can stand.

I've got a gal in Tinjucan,
She knows how, but she don't wanna.

I've got a gal in South Korea,
She's got syph and gonorrhea.

I've got a gal in Kansas City,
She's got a mole on her left titty.

I've got a gal in Iowa City,
Not too clean, and kind of shitty.

I've got a gal from over the hill,
~~She's got a lot of attitude.~~
If she won't do it, her sister will.

I've got a gal from P.C.C.
Got the biggest twat I've ever seen.

I've got a gal from Boston Mass
Lakes her living with her ass.

I've got a gal from old Doe Collage,
Only two-bits, and you're in her cottage.

I've got a gal all dressed in black,
She makes her money on her back.

I've got a gal all dressed in white,
Works all day, and fucks all night,.

I've got a gal all dressed in green,
Got the biggest ass you've ever seen.

I've got a gal all dressed in red,
Only two bits, and she'll lead you to bed.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

CHORUS: Oh, i used to work in Chicago,
In a department store.
I used to work in Chicago,
I did, but I don't any more.

A lady came in and asked for some shoes.
"What kind I asked at the door.
"Pumps", she said, and pump her I did,
But I don't work there any more.

A lady came in and asked for some cake.
"What kind," I asked at the door.
"Layer", she said, and layer I did.
But I don't work there any more.

A lady came in and asked for some socks.
"What kind", I asked at the door.
"Hose", she said, and hose her I did.
But I don't work there any more.

A lady came in and asked for a berth.
"What kind," I asked at the door.
"Upper," she said, and upper I did,
But I don't work there any more.

A lady came in and asked for some meat.
"What kind," I asked at the door.
"Pork," she said, and pork her I did,
But I don't work there anymore.

A lady came in and asked for some cloth.
"How much," I asked at the door.
"A yard," she said, six inches she got,
But I don't work there anymore.

HIDDY DIDDY

Hiddy diddy, Christ almighty,
Who the hell are we.
Rip slam, God damn,
Rickets Varsity.

In days of old, when Knights were bold,
And brave men weren't particular.
They put there wives against the wall,
And screwed them perpendicular.

The Big Bamboo

15.

I asked my woman, what should I do
To make her happy and keep her true?
She said, "There is only one thing I want from you—
A little peice of the big bamboo.

Chorus:

For the big bamboo it grows good and long,
The big bamboo grows always strong
The big bamboo grows up straight and tall
And the big bamboo pleases one and all.

I gave my woman a banana plant
She said, "This sure looks elegant
Its much too nice to go to waste
But its much to soft suit my taste."

Though
I gave my woman a coconut
She said, "My friend this is OK, BUT
I know you want to be good to me
What good is the nut without the tree."

I gave my woman a sugar cane
"Sweets for the sweet," I did exclaim
She handed it back to my surprise,
She liked the flavor, but not the size.

Ever scince God created man
He has pleased his woman as best he can
But I find women are ~~xx~~ always true
To the man who gives them the big bamboo.

Next Thanksgiving (A Round)

Next Thanksgiving, next thanksgiving,
Save your bread, save your bread,
Shove it up the turky, shove it up the turky,
Eat the bird, eat the bird.

Next Christmas, next christmas;
Save your tree, save your tree,
Shove it up the chimney, shove it up the chimney,
Goose St, Nick, Goose St. Nick.

Next Easter, next Easter,
Save your eggs, save your eggs,
Shove 'em up the bunny, shove them up the bunny,
Eat them hare, eat the hair.

TA-RA-DA-BOOM-DE-AY

Ta-ra-da-boom-de-ay
Have you had yours today?
I had mine yesterday,
That's why I walk this way

The Lady in Red

Twas a cold winters evening, the folks were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar.
Then he turned to and he said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

16

So, she shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the ~~toilet~~ crapper,
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her, the things a young girl should know,
About the ways of calla men, and how they come and go,
She has lost her fair haired beauty, and sin has left its sad scar.
So remember your mother and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.

FUCK 'EM ALL

Fuck them all, fuck them all,
Fuck the long and the short and the tall,
Fuck all the blond ones, and all the brunettes,
Say when your here long, you fuck what you get.

So were saying piss on the tall,
As back from the whore house we crawl,
It's scotch and it's bourbon, that's what we're servin',
So go to it pals, fuck 'em all.

THE CHANDLERS LIFE

A man walked into a chandlers shop, some matches for to buy,
And when he got into the shop nobody he did spy,
Then he turned upon his heels and toward the door he sped,
When he heard the sound of *** right above his head. (REPEAT)

Now this young man was a bold young man, so up the stairs he sped,
And very surprised was he to find the chandlers wife in bed,
And with her was a fine young man of very considerable size,
And he was having a *** right before his eyes. (REPEAT)

Now when the fun was over and done the maiden lifted her head,
And very surprised was she to find the young man beside her bed,
"If you will keep my secret, sir, if you will be so kind,
You may drop in for *** whenever you feel inclined. (REPEAT)

Now married men take my advice whenever you go to town
Don't leave your wife to do as she likes— be sure to tie her down,
You never can tell what thoughts may be in the back of her innocent mind
Why she may be having *** whenever she feels inclined. (REPEAT)

HOW ASHAMED I WAS WAS

17

Itoughed heron the toe, how ashamed I was.
I touched her on the toe, She said you're rather low.
Oh, gol blimy, how ashamed I was.

When I touched her on the knee, how ashamed I was.
When I touched her on the knee, She said you're rather free.
Oh, gol blimy, how ashamed I was.

When I touched her on the thigh, how ashamed I was.
When I touched her on the thigh, She said you're rather high
Oh, gol blimy, how ashamed I was.

When I touched her on the spot, how ashamed I was.
When I touched her on the spot, She said I'm rather hot.
Oh, gol blimy, how ashamed I was.

When I put It in, how ashamed I was.
When I put it in, She said it's rather thin.
Oh, gol blimy, how ashamed I was.

When I went away, how ashamed I was.
When I went away, She said I didn't pay.
Oh, gol blimy, how ashamed I was.

When the baby came, how ashamed I was.
When the baby came, the bastard had no name.
Oh, gol blimy, how ashamed I was.

IT'S HARDER FOR ME

It's harder for me to be a bad girl,
Than for other girls to be good.
I wold live in a bad world,
God knows I would if I could.

I'm waiting for some one to take me
'Round the corner for a hug and a kiss.
But how can I be a bad girl,
With a God-damn face like this.

THE VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon.
Virgin sturgeon is a very good fish.
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgins',
That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend,
She's my girl friend tried and true.
Now my girl friend needs no urgins',
I recommend caviar to you.

Sing a Song of Sixty-Nine
(to the tune of Clementine)

18

Sing a love song, sing a paen,
Sing of pleasures, yours and mine
But in all your happy verses,
Don't forget old sixty-nine

CHORUS—It's immoral, it's indecent,
It's repulsive—but sublime!
Though they tell me it's perversion,
Still I like to sixty-nine.

Hint it subtly, don't appall her,
She might feel it's less than fine;
Making love, but quite inversely,
She might not take to sixty-nine.

Sneak up on her, do not startle;
Let your kisses flow like wine.
But descend, ah gently, gently
As you sink to sixty-nine.

Let her fondle, let her feel it,
Virile tokens, one third nine;
With your equipment then confront her,
She may rise to sixty-nine.

Kinsey tells us ogheads do it
More than peasants (those aren't fine)
Tell her it's a cultured pleasure;
She'll be hot for sixty-nine.

Once she learns how, once she tries it,
She may never stay supine!
(Tis a danger—One must face it)
She'll only want to sixty-nine.

Thus I tell you, see ye to it,
Lest your love get out of line.
Spice your wooing, but don't rue it
Ration her on sixty-nine.

WON'T YOU TAKE IN YOUR MOUTH, MRS. MURPHY?

Won't you take it your mouth, Mrs. Murphy?
For it weighs but a quarter of a pound.
It has hair on its neck like a turkey;
And it squirts when you jerk it up and down.

So she took it in her mouth and she sucked it,
But on it Colman's Mustard there was none.
And when she found that it had not been seasoned,
She spat it out and wished she had never begun.

RING DANG DOO

19.

I. What is that thin, right over there,
So soft and smooth and covered with hair,
So round and firm and split in two?
Why, that there thin, is the Ring Dang Doo.

II. When I was young and in my teens
I knew a girl in New Orleans
Oh, she was young and pretty too,
And said she had a Ring Dang Doo.

III. This girl I knew, she had a feller
She took him down into the cellar
She fed him wine and whisky too,
And she let him ride on her Ring Dang Doo.

IV. Her father cried from out the bed,
"Oh, Daughter dear, have you lost your head.
Go pack your bag, and leave too,
And make your living on your Ring Dang Doo."

V. So she went to town to become a whore
She tacked the sign upon her door,
"Two dollars down, two bits will do,
And you can ride on my ring Dang Doo."

VI. And they came by twos, and they came by fours
And when they came, they came by scores
And they brought their money, and their rubbers too
And she let them ride on her ring Dang Doo.

VII. Well the army came, and the navy went
The price went up to 50¢
But still they came to get their screw.
Oh, how they ride on the Ring Dang Doo.

VIII. Now from out the hills there came a son-of-a-bitch
He had the clap* and the seven year itch
He had the syph and the blue balls too,
And she let him ride on the Ring Dang Doo.

IX. Well our gal died in about a week or two
And the fellers mourned cause they missed their screw
They fucked each other and their mothers too
Oh, they wanted to ride her Ring Dang Doo.

X. They tacked ther tits to the courthouse wall
They pickled her pussy in alcohol
They buried it 'neath the avenue,
And now the buses ride on her Ring Dang Doo.

(The first verse may be used
as a chorus if it is felt that
one is needed)

*(clap hands)

LAST NIGHT I STAYED HOME AND MAS TURBATED

20

Last night I stayed home and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.

Last night I stayed home and masturbated,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.

You should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand.

Smash it, bash it, slam it on the floor,
Wrap it around the bedpost,
Cram it against the door.

Now there are some who say that sexual intercourse is great,
But for maximum satisfaction, I prefer to masturbate.

ROLL ME OVER

Oh, This is number one and the fun has just begun,
CHORUS--- Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Oh, this is number two and his hand is on my shoe.

Oh, this is number three and his hand is on my knee.

Oh, this is number four and he's got me on the floor.

Oh, this is number five and he's got me doin' the jive.

Oh, this is number six and he's got me doing tricks.

Oh this is number seven and it's feeling just like heaven.

Oh, this is number eight and the doctor's awful late.

Oh, this is number nine and the twins are doin' fine.

Oh, this is number ten and let's do it all again.

Oh, this is number eleven and it's just like number seven.

Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard
To fetch her poor dog a bone.
But when she bent over, Rover drove her,
For the dog had a bone of his own.

SHE STOOD RIGHT THERE

She stood right there in the midnight air,
With nothin' on but her nighty.
Her tits hung loose like the balls of a goose,
Jesus Christ almighty.

21
She jumped in bed, and covered up her head,
And said I couldn't find her.
But I knew damn well she lied like hell,
And jumped right in behind her.

Oh, she spread her legs, her lily white legs,
And then I stuck in my grinder.
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
And sparks flew out behind her.

Two weeks went by, I heaved a sigh,
A sigh of pain and sorrow.
The pimples thick upon my dick,
But there'll be more tommorrow.

Nine months went by, she heaved a sigh,
A sigh of pain and sorrow.
For two little muts were in her guts,
But they'll be out tomorrow.

WINNipeg WHORE
Five miles up the Saginaw River
Way above the canadian shore,
Lives a widow, Mrs. Finnigan,
Better known as the Winnipeg whore.

Mrs. Finnigan, where's your daughter,
We've come to have some fun.
She's upstairs, a passin' water;
She'll be down when she gets done.

Some were drunk, and some were sober,
Some were lying on the floor.
I was in the darkest corner,
Throwing the blockes to the Winnipeg whore.

She was fiddling, I was diddling,
Didn't know what 'twas all about.
Till she stole my watch and wallet,
And I let out a helluva shout.

Up jumped whores and sons-a-bithes,
Must have been a score or more.
You'd have laughed to cream your britches,
To see my ass fly out the door.

COLOMBO (or THE GOOD SHIP VENUS)

In fourteen hundred ninety two,
 A gob from old Itali,
 Was wandering through the streets of Spain
 And pissin in the alley.

CHORUS

He swung his balla aroundo,
 They nearly touched the groundo;
 That masturbating, fornicating,
 Son of a bitch, Colombo

In fourteen hundred ninety two,
 The expedition started;
 Queen Isabel, she cried like hell,
 Colombe only farted.

Aboard the good ship Venus,
 By Christ, you should have seen us;
 The figurehead, a whore in bed,
 The mast, a throbbing penis.

Colombo had a cabin boy,
 By God, he was a nipper;
 They stuffed his ass with broken glass,
 And circumcised the skipper.

Colombo had a first mate,
 He loved him like a brother;
 And every night in the pale moonlight,
 They cornholed one another.

The second mate's name was Andy,
 By Christ, he was a dandy;
 They crushed his cock between two rocks
 for shooting in the brandy.

The captain's name was Morgan,
 My god, he was a gorgon;
 Six times a day, he'd pound away
 Upon his sexual organ.

The first cook's name was Carter,
 A very musical farter;
 He could fart anything from "God Save The King",
 To Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonater".

Colombo came upon the deck,
 His prick was like a mastpole,
 He grabbed the first mate by the neck,
 And fucked him in the asshole.

:COLOMBO cont.

The skipper's daughter Mable,
 They fucked when they were they able;
 They nailed her tits, those homely shits,
 Right to the kitchen table.

The skipper's other daughter,
 They threw into the water;
 Delighted squeals revealed the eels
 Had found her sexual quarter.

For forty days and forty nights, they
 They sailed the broad Atlantic;
 Colombo and his lousy crew
 For want of a piece were frantic.

They spied a whore upon the shore,
 Off came shirts and collars,
 In twenty minutes by the clock,
 She'd made ten thousand dollars.

With joyful shout, they ran about
 And practiced fornication;
 When they sailed, they left behind
 Ten times the population.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

Now won't you do it to me like you did to Marie?
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
 First you caressed her and then you undressed her,
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night.

Cherries are ripe and ready for plucking,
 A girl sixteen is ready for high school,
 Oh, won't you do it to me like you did to Marie?
 Late last Saturday night.

Now won't you do it to me like you did to Marie?
 Last Saturday night, Saturday.
 I know it's real 'cause I heard her squeal,
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night.

It's really easy, there's nothing to it,
 A dollar down and the rest when you do it.
 Oh, do it to me like you did to Marie,
 Late last Saturday night.

Big Red Rose

When you wore your kimona,
Your bright red kimona,
And I wore my B.V.D's.,
First I carressed you,
And then I undressed you,
Oh, what a body you showed to me.

I played with your boobies,
Your lilly-white boobies,
And down shere the short hair grows.
Is our kisses grew sweeter,
I whipped out my peter,
And white washed your big red rose.

24

MONDAY I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
And it was Wednesday after five
That I touched her on the thigh,
Thursday I lifted her chemise. Gore blimy.

Friday I had me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a squeeze,
But it was Sunday after dinner,
I shoved the old boy in'er,
And now I'm paying seven and six aweek.

POOR LIL

There once lived a girl of outstanding beaute,
Who lived in a house of ill repute.
The men come from miles awry,
To see poor Lil in a negligee.

But day by day her form grew thinner,
Due to the lack of the vitamin in her.
She took to eating Fleischman's yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

One day as she lay in her dishonor,
She felt the hand of the lord upon her.
She said, "Dear Lord, I do repent,
But this is going to cost you fifty cents".

BYE BYE CHERRY

Back your ass against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all.
Bye, bye, cherry.

Wrap your legs around me a little tighter,
Make my load come out a little lighter.
Bye, bye, cherry.

Shake your ass and wiggle your teats,
Here I come, you son-of-a-bitch.
Bye, bye, cherry.

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the kings horses and all the kings men,
EAT SHIT!

ALA BOOGY

25.

Moms in bed, Pops on top,
Kids in the cradle yellin, "Shove it to her, Pop!"
Ala Boogy--That's all I crave.

Mom's in bed, Pop's in jail,
Sis's in the corner yellin, "Pussy for sale."
Ala Boogy--that's all I crave.

Mom's in the kitchen, Pop's locked up,
My hunchback brother has my sister knocked up.
Ala Boogy--that's all I crave.

Got a modeal T Ford, tank's full of gas,
Mouth's full of titty, and hand's full of ass.
Ala Boogy--that's all I crave.

Haven't got a knickle, haven't got a dime,
House ful of kids, and non of 'em mine.
Ala Boogy--that's all I crave.

Way down south in the sycamore timber,
If you can't get it hard, stick it in limbe r.
Ala Boogy--that's all I crave.

I've done sung this song till I sweat,
Aint anybody bought no Ala Boogy yet.
Ala Boogy--that's all I crave.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tiddlywinks young man,
Get a girl if you can.
But if you can't get a girl,
Get a clean old man.

From the lofty heightd of Malta,
To the shores of old Gibralter,
Can you do the double shuffle,
With your balls in a can.

Do your balls hang low,
Do they swing to and fro,
Can you tie them in a knot,
Can you tie them in a bow.

Can you throw them over your sholder
Like a drunken English soldier,
Can you do the double shuffle,
If you balls hang low.

26.
KAFOOZELUM

In olden days there was a maid, who used to ply a thrifty trade,
A prostitute of ill repute, the Harlot of Jerusalem

CHORUS— Hi, Ho, Kafoozelum, the Harlot of Jerusalem,
The prostitute of ill repute, the daughter of the Rabbi.

She was a wily witch, a god damn, whory son of a bitch,
And every dong it got the itch, that dangled in Kafoozelum.

Nearby there lived a booger tall, who with his prick could break a wall,
And he had fucked in nearly all the harums of Jerusalem.

One day returning from a spree(a high and mighty jubilee)
Kafoozelum he chanced to see...passing through Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady rock and there uncoiled his precious cock,
Forty feet of precious cock, into the bowels of Kafoozelum.

The son of a bitch was underslung, he missed her hole and hit her bung,
And drove his dong into her dung, down by Jerusalem.

Now Kafoozelum, she knew her part, she cocked her ass and let a fart,
And blew that bastard like a dart, high over Jerusalem.

And there he lay a broken mass, his cock all filled with shit and gas,
And Kafoozelum, she wiped her ass all over the walls of Jerusalem.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once I was a lady's maid way down in Drury Lane,
My master was so kind to me, my mistress was the same;
Along came a sailor as happy as can be,
And he was the cause of all my misery.

CHORUS— Singing "Bell bottomed trousers, coats of navy blue,
Let 'im climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do."

He asked me for a kerchief to tie around his head,
He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed;
And I like a silly fool, thinking it no harm
Jumped right in beside him to keep the sailor warm.

Early in the morning, before the break of day,
A one-pound note he gave me, and this to me did say;
"Maybe you'll have a daughter, maybe you'll have a son;
Take this oh, my darling, for the damage I have done.

"And if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee;
But if you have a son, send the bastard off to sea."
The moral of this story is plain as plain can be;
Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.

The Fucking Machine

A sailor once told me before he died,
And I'll never know if the bastard died,
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That the poor girl couldn't be satisfied.
Be satisfied, be satisfied,
That the poor girl couldn't be satisfied.

27

He fashioned a great prick out of steel,
And fastened it to a fucking big wheel.
Two balls of brass were filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.
Run by steam, run by steam,
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.

So 'round and 'round went the fucking big wheel,
And in and out went the great prick of steel,
'Till at last the maiden cried,
"Oh, tarry a while, I'm satisfied".
I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied,
Oh, tarry a while, I'm satisfied".

But the saddest thing concerning it,
Was there was no stopping it,
And it ripped that maid from that to tit,
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit.
Up in shit, up in shit,
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit.

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting in Reilly's store,
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter,
There came a thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

Chorus: Fiddlee eye ey, fiddlee eye oh,
Fiddlee eye ey, for the one bill Reilly.
Rigga dig dig, shag balls and all,
Rigga dig dig, shag on.

I grabbed that maiden by the hair,
Then I through my left leg over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged until the fun was over.

There came a knocking at the door,
Who should it be but her Goddamn father,
Two horse pistols in his hands,
A lookin' for the guy who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by his balls,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Shoved those six-guns up his ass,
Damned site farther'n I shagged his daughter.

Now when I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch,
The man that shagged O'Reilly's daughter.

SCOTCH BALLAD

28.

T'was a gathering of the clansmen,
And all the lads were there.
A felling up the lassies,
Beneath the pubic hair.

CHORUS:

Singin' a' how do you love me, how do you do.
The man that had you last night, he can have you nomore.

The bride was in the parlor
Explaining to the groom,
The vagna not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

The parson's wife was also there,
A'sittin' down in front
With a ring of posies in her hair,
And a carrot up her cunt.

McPherson's band was also there,
A' givin' out the clicks.
But you couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the pricks.

And now the parties over,
They've all gone home to rest.
They said they liked the music,
But they liked the fucking best.

MRS. MURPHY'S DAUGHTER

Mrs. Murphy, where's your daughter,
She came over to have some fun.
She's upstairs makin' water,
She'll be down when she is done.

I love to see Mary make water,
She can see such a beatiful stream.
She can pee for a mile and a quarter,
You can't see her ass for the stream.

Fascinating Bitch

Oh, I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
I'd never be poor, I'd never always be rich.
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
And sleep all day and work all night.
And every once and a while I'd take a little rest
Just to drive my customers wild.
Oh, I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
Instead of a legitamate child.

JOLLY TINKER

29

Oh, there was a jolly tinker, and he came from southern France.
And he knew how to sing, and he knew how to dance.

CHORUS:

With his long jif~~jk~~ john didly wacker, over grown kidney wacker,
Looking for a scrimmage below the belly band.

One night the Queen came home from a shindig ball,
And she saw the jolly tinker leaning up against the wall.

Said the tinker to the Queen, have you any little crack,
Have you any little crack that a tinker might attack.

Said the Queen to the tinker, "Yes I have a little crack,
Yes I have a little crack that a tinker might attack.

Oh, he fucked her on the sofa and he fucked her on a chair,
If he had ahd a pair of wings, he'd have fucked her in the air.

He fucked her in the parlor, and he fucked her in the hall.
"My God," cried the chamber maid, "He's gonna fuck us all."

"My God," cried the Queen, "I thought that I was able,
But he split my vagina from my asshole to my navel.

Oh, the tinker he died, and he went to hell,
But he fucked all the devils and he fucked them very well.

THE GIRLS FROM SIDNEY

We are from Sidney, ffrom Sidney are we.
We never lose our virginity. (Oh, Billshit)

We use the very best candles you see,
We are from Sidney we. (Balls, Balls)

And every week at the Saterday dance,
We never wear any pants. (Oh, Billshit)

We like to give the flyboys a chance,
We are frome Sidney we. (Balls, Balls)

And every night at just Twelve o'clock,
We watch the watch man piss off the dock. (Oh, Billshit)

We like the way he handles his cock,
We are frome Sidney we. (Balls, Balls)

Confusios say," No such thing as rape. Girl with ^{skirt on}
can run faster than man with pants down!"

HERE ONCE WAS AN INDIAN LAIR

30

There once was an indian maid,
who said she wasn't afraid
To lie on her back in a little grass shack,
While a big red cock ran up her crack.

And much to her surprise,
Her belly began to raise,
And out of her cunt came a little black runt,
With his ass between his eyes.
And it was _____!

MY BLUE BEDROOM

(Sung to the tune of Fly Blue Heaven)

Which evening is nigh,
And passion runs high,
I'll lead you to my blue bedroom.

Take a turn to the right,
There's a little red light,
It'll lead you to my blue bedroom.

There's a smiling face
on the pillow case,
With a form divine,
It's the same old line,
She's been had before,
But tonight she's mine.

Just Jolly and me,
There'll never be three,
Cause we're careful in my blue/^{bedroom}.

WALKING ALONG CHAL STREET

Walkin' along canal street, knockin' at every door,
God damn, son-of-a-bitch, I couldn't find a whore.

I found a whore, I found a whore, and she was tall and thin,
God damn, son-of-a-bitch, I couldn't get it in.

I got it in, I got it in, and wiggled it all about,
God damn, son-of-a-bitch, I couldn't get it out.

I got it out, I got it out, and it was red and sore.
The moral of the story is, never fuck a shark.

I got it out, I got it out, and it was red and sore,
The moral of the story is, never fuck a whore.

Sung by the whore house quartet,
Has _____ got a hard on, not yet,
But is he goin' to get one, you bet.
The lucky stiff.

MAY UP IN PENNSYLVANIA

Way up in Pennsylvania
On cold and stormy night,
I walked up to a whore house
Where lights were shinning bright.

I walked accross the porch,
And knocked upon the door.
The knock was quickly answered
By a neatly half-dressed whore.

She wore a dark limono
That opened down the front,
And I could see the golden hairs
That hid her filthy cunt.

She asked me what I wanted,
Her figure showed her class.
I told her all I wanted
Was a two-bit piece of ass.

She lead me in the other room,
The whores were all around.
I swear it was the damnedest place ~~that~~ I
That I had ever found.

I took her by her lily white hand,
And lead her up the stairs.
I took old pete right in my hand,
And rammed it through those hairs.

The stuff it was a-comin',
The feeling it was grand,
When I woke up in a navy cot
With a discharge in my hand.

DOWN IN CUNT VALLEY

Down in cunt valley, where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish, and maidenheads grow,
'Twas there I met Lulu, the girl I adore.
She's a hard fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She's dirty, she's filthy, she'll fuck in the street.
Whenever you meet her, she's always in heat.
She'll fuck for a quarter, take less, take more,
She's a hardfucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.